

The Beginning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/5573521) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/5573521>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Thor (Movies) , Marvel Cinematic Universe , Marvel (Movies)
Relationship:	Loki/Thor
Character:	Thor (Marvel) , Loki (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Secret Santa , Alternate Universe , Assassination Attempt(s) , War Prize , Loki , Jötunn Loki , Intersex Loki , Virgin Loki , Loss of Virginity , First Time , Vaginal Fingering , Hand Jobs , Oral Sex , Cunnilingus , Blow Jobs , Vaginal Sex , Rough Sex , Squirting , Multiple Orgasms , Forced Orgasm , Dirty Talk , Possessive Behavior , Possessive Thor , Dom/sub Undertones , Overstimulation
Stats:	Published: 2015-12-29 Words: 7525

The Beginning

by [loki-on-mjolnir \(basalganglia\)](#)

Summary

The Jewel of Jotunheim is given to Thor as a gift, but not all is what it seems to be.

(Aka Loki attempts to assassinate Thor but accidentally trips over the Thunder D.)

Notes

Gift fic for [faramirlovertheshasher](#) in the 2015 Thorki Secret Santa. Thank you so much for your patience; I hope that the length of the fic (the longest I've ever written!) can make up for its profound lateness. Please enjoy!

Update: I wrote a self-indulgent what-if ficlet for this AU [here](#), if you're interested. Mind the warnings, though!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Thor enters his tent, he is pleased to see that his prize is already there.

Under his father's orders, Thor has led his men into Jotunheim to collect their oath of fealty to Asgard—with the instruction that he must complete this task, one way or another. The Jotnar are a proud race who would unfailingly choose death over surrender, and once, Thor might have rejoiced at the chance to tear through this realm. But he has since grown and learned the price of war. These

giants, barbaric and primitive though their ways might be, are known for their strength and ferocity. Even if Thor's army would undoubtedly prevail over them in battle, it would be at a significant price. So, when he saw the Jotnar kneeling at the Bifrost site, pledging goodwill and offering their so-called "Jewel" to boot, Thor had found it a most fortunate turn of events.

He is pleased and relieved, and he is excited as well: the Jewel of Jotunheim is standing before him now, and Thor cannot stop a smirk from overtaking his face as he appreciates what a fine gift he has been given.

This Jotun is unlike the others. He is a runtling, for one, standing half a head shorter than Thor, and while the rest of his kind have rough bodies and menacing faces, this one is a thing of beauty. His black hair falls in luscious waves down to his tiny waist, his limbs are long and slender, and his features are more delicate than those on any maiden Thor that has ever seen.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Loki," the creature says, and adding as an afterthought, "my Lord."

He is staring directly into Thor's eyes, almost defiant. *This one is feisty*, Thor thinks, and it makes his cock stir.

Thor says nothing as he slowly circles his prey. Loki's eyes are on him, but Thor does not look back—no, he is far too interested in something else. Decorated in golden chains and glittering gems, Loki's blue skin appears most enticingly exotic. Thor cannot wait to map out every inch of the smooth planes, and he is already thinking of the thousands of ways he can mark the soft flesh as his. As he trails his gaze further down, he sees that Loki is dressed only in a small scrap of a loincloth, the colour of which is an exact match to that of Thor's cape.

"The red suits you." He is behind Loki now, and his fingers itch to tear away the strip of fabric between the pert cheeks and feast his eyes on what is underneath.

"Thank you, my Lord." His words are sincere, but his tone is mocking.

Stepping forward, Thor roughly grabs a handful of Loki's bare ass in warning and growls into his ear. "You have quite a mouth, don't you?"

"Why, I—" Loki breaks off in a gasp when Thor delivers a violent slap to his rump, and he stumbles from the force of it.

Thor rights him with a fist in his hair. "Keep talking," Thor rumbles, "but know that soon enough you will be incapable of words. You will whimper and moan and *scream*."

Loki immediately shuts up in a predictable display of contrariness. To punish him, Thor bites down hard into the junction between Loki's neck and shoulder, while he brings his hands to Loki's nipples and *twists*. Trapped within his arms, Loki jolts, but apart from a sharp intake of breath, he is successful in keeping quiet. Thor is undeterred; he tugs on Loki's nipples, rubbing them between his fingers and scratching them with his nails until they are pebbled peaks. Loki's breathing has become so laboured that he is almost panting, and he is arching his chest upwards into Thor's touch.

"Do you like this, little pet?" Thor asks, already knowing the answer. He is rewarded with a snarl, and it makes him chuckle. "Do not fret; your body's reaction is answer enough."

Thor gives Loki's nipples a final, drawn-out pinch, and then he trails his hands downwards to explore more uncharted territories. Loki's skin is cool, but not biting as Thor knows it can be, and

he is mesmerised by the feeling of it under his palms, for it is smooth as silk even with the numerous ridges swirling over it. Loki is thin enough that Thor can trace each of his ribs, but just as distinct are the lean muscles that speak of a wiry strength. Thor greatly enjoys learning Loki's torso, but it is not long before he grows impatient for more.

Curling one arm around Loki's waist to pull him close, Thor grinds into Loki's ass to relieve some of the pressure in his cock. He slips his other hand into Loki's loincloth, and discovers that Loki himself is hard—but he ignores that for the time being. If the rumours are true, there is something much more interesting further down. There is little room for his hand, but he does not want to bare Loki completely just yet, for he likes that there is still something left to the imagination. With some manoeuvring, he is able to get his fingers below Loki's cock, to where his balls might be, and —*aha*.

“Do you touch yourself here often?” Lightly dragging the tip of his finger along Loki's slit, Thor is very pleased to find that Loki is soaking wet.

“Of course not! Never in my life—I am not some *harlot*—”

“Is that so?” Thor teases, amused that Loki is taking offence at something so trivial. “And yet, here you are to become my precious little slut.”

Until this second, Thor has never known that the Jotnar are such prudes. No wonder why they are so damn surly all the time. A feral sound tears its way out of Loki's throat and Thor cannot help but laugh, which only incites Loki to thrash in his hold. But Thor is strong and effortlessly keeps him under control. His finger, still buried between Loki's legs, delves deeper and locates the tiny nub at the top of the delicate folds—

Loki's reaction is instantaneous. He throws his head back onto Thor's shoulder and *there* is the whimper that Thor has promised himself he would hear. If Loki has never been touched like this, never known pleasure even by his own hand, Thor's calloused finger on this most sensitive place must be *unbearable*. Thor takes full advantage of it.

With his thumb, Thor pulls up the hood and exposes Loki's clit to the torment it is about to receive. Thor starts slowly at first, drawing circles around it, and then gradually changes to quick strokes until the tips of his fingers are dancing at an impossibly pace. Loki tries to squeeze his thighs together, but when that fails to stop Thor, he kicks his legs and attempts to wriggle away. Loki does not succeed, of course, except in egging Thor on. Thor flicks at Loki's clit hard and fast, and when Loki lets out a beautiful, broken wail, Thor presses down and *rubs*.

At that, Loki screams and his entire body convulses; Thor briefly considers keeping at it and making him come multiple times in a row, but when Loki collapses against him and sobs, Thor takes pity and eases off.

“There is no shame in pleasure. You are here to pleasure me, after all, are you not?” Thor licks the delectable shell of Loki's ear, and he brings his hand up so they can both see the sheen of the slickness covering his fingers. “And look how you've enjoyed it.”

“I ... I did no such thing,” Loki pants.

“You lie. You could have begged me, demanded me to stop. You didn't. Why?” Thor wipes Loki's face with his own juices. “Because deep down, you *want* this.”

Before Loki can voice another token protest, Thor spins him around and claims his mouth in a rough kiss. Loki returns it, and he is ferocious, as if he wants to pour all of his frustrations into this,

biting at Thor's lips and thrusting his tongue against Thor's own. Thor is just as unforgiving, but he has other ways of taking more. He cups his hands around Loki's ass to heave him up; Loki, surprisingly, cooperates. He hops into Thor's hold and winds his slender, but remarkably strong limbs around Thor's body. Loki's sudden eagerness sends a wave of heat through Thor. Groaning with barely restrained lust, Thor walks them towards his bed and deposits Loki onto the pelts, following only a fraction of a second behind to cover the small Jotun with his bulk.

Loki is still clinging to him and kissing him with fervor. Thor responds in kind, at the same time tearing off Loki's loincloth and then relieving himself of his many articles of clothing. Loki does nothing to help him, but Thor does not mind. If Loki is so preoccupied with the present that he forgets to anticipate what is to come, Thor will simply make it happen and knock Loki's breath away. But when Thor is finally lying naked on top of Loki, he realises that no matter how much he wants to simply ram into Loki and *make* him his, he should first prepare Loki with his fingers—even some of the most experienced courtesans have had trouble accepting his girth, and though he wishes to punish Loki for his insolence, causing him excess pain, especially this way, is not what he wants.

Thor manages to snake one hand between their bodies, but is denied the chance to put the rest of his plans into action—within a flash, Loki has flipped them over and he is straddling Thor, and on any other occasion, Thor would be impressed by the enthusiasm as well as agility of his bed partner. But such is not the case here.

There is something cold, sharp, and thus very deadly against his throat. Loki has had nowhere on his body to hide a blade, and Thor surmises Loki must have drawn water from the air with his magic and formed it into ice.

Thor curses himself. He should have known that this has all been too easy. He has let his guard down, and he is about to pay dearly for his mistake.

"It seems that I am at your mercy," Thor concedes.

Panting, Loki is glaring down at him, his lips curled into a snarl, but there is fear in his eyes and his entire body is trembling. Thor grins.

"What a clever ploy," Thor continues, keeping his tone purposefully flippant. "Which great mind in Jotunheim do I have to thank for this?"

"The only great mind in Jotunheim is mine!" Loki screams, almost hysterical. "They are cowardly; they fear you, they wish for peace with you when we can rob the life from your weak Asgardian hides with a single *touch*. I have come to kill you. I will show them how foolish they are to think me as nothing more than a glorified *whore*."

One who is young and foolish, desperate to prove his worth. Wonderful. "If you are here to kill me, waste no more time. You and I both know my throat will be slit long before I can make a move against you." The tip of the blade cuts his skin, but knows it is a byproduct of the shaking of Loki's hand rather than evidence of any real attempt to end his life. "But you will not do it, will you?"

"You are wrong!" Loki's hair is a wild mess, his eyes are so wide that he appears crazed and Thor thinks he has never seen anything more beautiful.

"Am I really? Then why is there still breath in me? You have had no less than a dozen opportunities to kill me by now, before you even had to suffer my touch. You lack *conviction*." Thor inches his hand towards Loki's cunt, which he finds, despite—or perhaps, because of—the

circumstances, to be *sopping* wet. “I think you were curious about how it is to be with another. And now that you’ve had a taste, you’ll never be able to stop wanting more.”

Thor has found Loki’s entrance. He circles it with his fingertip, presses against it gently, but remains careful that he doesn’t breach it. No, that is for later. Now, he will merely tease Loki until he begs. “Think of all the things I can show you. Don’t you want to know how it feels to be taken? To be fucked so good that you can hardly breathe?” He wraps his other hand around Loki’s cock, which had turned soft moments ago, but is filling and rising again. “And here. I can bring you to heights of pleasure you’ve never dreamed of. I will do it with my *mouth*, even.”

“You think you can save yourself by *seducing* me?” Loki demands, but he is rather proving Thor can do exactly that. The cut of his blade into Thor’s neck is barely skin deep, he makes no move to stop Thor even though he has more than enough power to do so, and most telling of all, his hips have started to rock with the motions of Thor’s hands.

“This is more enjoyable than resorting to reason or threats, would you not agree?” To illustrate his point, Thor scrapes the blunt nail of his thumb over the head of Loki’s cock.

“Ah!” Loki cries, and his entire body jerks. He collects himself soon, though, and seethes. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t kill you right now.”

Loki holds Thor’s life in his hands, literally, and the danger of it is so perversely thrilling to Thor that he almost wants to throw caution to the wind and simply *fuck* him. But Loki needs much more convincing before that can be remotely safe, and so, Thor must be patient.

“I can think of many, the most important of which is that you will never find a better bedmate than I across all the nine realms.” Thor chuckles as Loki growls, but schools his expression into seriousness for what he has to say next. “But have you considered what will happen after you have killed me? Run? Perhaps you are skilled and manage to escape without my men detecting you. And then what? They will find my body. They know I have you in my bed at this moment, and they will know you are the one responsible for this crime. How do you think the people of Asgard will react when they are told the Jewel of Jotunheim has assassinated their beloved Crown Prince?”

“But their *beloved Crown Prince* will be dead. You and your hammer are the only meaningful assets the Asgardians have. Your king is old and weak and the Jotun army will *crush* you.”

Thor does not let himself ponder on whether there is truth to Loki’s words. He elects to press on instead. “Are you certain? There will be war when your people wished for peace. You will have failed them in your duty and they will blame you for the death and destruction that befalls upon them. My people will tear you limb from limb to avenge my death, and you will be hunted by both sides. You will have no allies and there will be nowhere for you to hide. Are you prepared for *that*?”

It seems that, despite his apparent intelligence, such repercussions have never occurred to Loki. He rears back in shock, mouth dropping open, and this split-second of doubt is all Thor needs to disarm Loki and flip them over, pin Loki’s wrists above his head and trap him under his weight.

“Unhand me!” Loki screams, his spittle flying into Thor’s face.

“No.” Thor tightens his hold to prevent Loki from breaking free. “You are mine now, little Jotun, and I will do to you as I wish.”

“You *savage*, you—”

“If you behave yourself,” Thor says, over Loki’s complaints, “I will give you a place in Asgard.”

“As your *slut*, is it? I know what you are, Odinson. You will fuck me raw, and when you have had your fill you will grow bored and toss me off to your men! I would rather *die* than be violated by Asgardians!”

“Asgardians are honourable and no one will force themselves upon you!” Thor does not know how Loki has developed such ideas. “And I will have you know that your position will be more respectable than that.”

“Then take my life, for I will settle for nothing less than Royal Consort.”

Thor roars with laughter. “You seek to become my *wife*?” He shifts his hips to let Loki feel his cock. “You want this more than you have let on, don’t you?”

“That is not what I said—”

“Very well then, *my dearest*.” Indeed, it is a good plan. Thor finds himself rather smitten with this volatile creature, and their union will be evidence of peace between their realms. His father, too, will be more than pleased to flaunt that Asgard has the Jewel of Jotunheim in its collection.

Under him, Loki is blushing furiously. From anger or shame, Thor is not entirely certain, but he wagers it is probably due to both.

“Do you want me to make you mine?” Thor taunts, speaking directly into Loki’s ear.

“You will never own me.” Loki flings his head to the side and clenches his jaw, as if intending to distance himself from what will happen next. Thor will have none of it.

“Ah, ah.” Thor grips his chin and forces his face back into view. “You will look at me as I take you, and you will look at me as you scream that you belong to me.”

Loki spits at him.

Thor rears back, not expecting such audacity. His blood boils and he wants to make Loki *pay*—

But he keeps himself tightly under control. Loki is provoking him on purpose, he knows, trying to goad Thor into becoming the brute that Loki believes him to be. Thor will not fall into his trap.

Wiping the spit off his cheek, Thor chuckles. “That was unwise, little one.”

Loki, despite his bravado, seems to agree. His face has turned an ashen shade of blue and he is completely still, as if dreading Thor’s retaliation.

But Thor has other plans. He leans down to cover Loki’s mouth in a soft, gentle kiss. Loki does not respond at first, unlike before, but Thor is persistent. He caresses Loki’s lips with his tongue, coaxing them open and only then does he delve in. He treats Loki as he would a bashful maiden—Loki is not unlike one, he supposes—and he is careful to keep his movements slow lest he spooks him. A moment later, Loki relaxes and returns the kiss, but without the chaos that was involved in their previous kiss, it becomes apparent that Loki is rather unskilled in this. His teeth knock against Thor’s, his tongue does not know how to dance and his rhythm is erratic, but all of that is of no matter. It is merely proof that he has not been kissed often—if ever—and Thor will take pride in being his first and only teacher.

Sensing that Loki is unlikely to try to kill him again or twist his body away, Thor lets go of Loki’s

wrists so both his hands are free to roam over Loki's body. He starts at Loki's arms, stroking him from shoulders to fingertips, then he goes to Loki's chest, but instead of pulling and twisting Loki's nipples as he did before, this time his touch is light. He circles them until they are hard, then flicks at them delicately with his fingertips, and it seems that they are very, very sensitive indeed. Loki writhes under him, whimpering, and he digs his nails into Thor's shoulders as if he doesn't know whether to keep him near or push him away. Thor decides to end Loki's dilemma for now, and runs his palms over Loki's torso to placate him.

Loki does calm, and when Thor's hands are at his sides, he arches up to allow Thor to reach his back. And as Thor familiarises himself the large expanse of smooth skin, Loki does some exploring of his own. He touches Thor's arms, back, anything that he can reach; encouraged that Loki is reciprocating, Thor helps himself to Loki's ass and groans at how perfectly the firm globes fit into his hands. Thor soon discovers that kneading them causes Loki to moan into his mouth, and he continues until he is sure that Loki will feel his hands on him for days.

As much as Thor would like to linger, there are other places on Loki's body that beg his attention. Reluctantly, he removes his hands from Loki's perfect ass, promising himself that he would return, and moves on to Loki's legs. He spends extra time here, because of the sheer *length* of them, and once he is confident that he has left no part of them untouched, Thor ends their kiss and pulls back. Loki's cheeks are flushed an alluring indigo, his pupils are blown wide and his lips are swollen. He looks utterly ruined, and Thor has barely even started.

"Are you ready for more?"

"Is there? I think I might have fallen asleep." Loki's panting undoes any effect his words might have had.

"Little minx. I will make you regret your words."

"You are welcome to try."

That is as much invitation as Thor will ever get, and so he pushes Loki's legs open, dives down, and quickly becomes addicted to the sweetness of Loki's juices. Loki whimpers, attempts to shut himself off from the intrusion, but Thor's hold on him forbids it. Thor mouths along the plump outer lips, scraping his teeth over the soft flesh and he makes sure his beard scratches at Loki's delicate skin just right. Parting Loki with his tongue, Thor finds the the smaller, petal-like inner lips, and he pulls them into his mouth and *nibbles* until Loki begins to desperately sob. He lets go then, digs the tip of his tongue into the top of Loki's folds—and Loki screams when Thor locates the little nub with absolute precision.

Thor devotes all he has to Loki's clit. He laps at it, sharpens his tongue into a point to poke and flick, and he wraps his lips around it to *suck*. When he introduces his teeth, he is rewarded with Loki's release—Loki keens and his body seizes up, but even then Thor does not pull away. Loki whimpers and writhes from the overstimulation, and when Thor has wrung two more orgasms out of him and Loki has become a boneless mess, Thor decides it is time for more.

Still keeping his mouth busy with Loki's clit, he lets go of one of Loki's thighs—Loki does not even register that, and he keeps himself open for Thor on his own—and brings a finger to Loki's opening, slipping inside easily from the copious amount of slick. Thor pushes in all the way, and Loki's cunt flutters around him. Loki is tight, so tight, and Thor cannot wait to find out how good it will be when Thor finally gets to bury his cock in him.

But Thor will not do it until Loki is begging him to. For now, he only fucks Loki slowly with his finger, crooking it to better reach the spongy area at the front of Loki's inner walls, and when he

feels he has given Loki sufficient time to adapt, he adds another finger and goes at it harder, faster. Once he has set up momentum, he feels a gush of liquid seeping into his beard. He thinks nothing of it at first, supposing it is either more of Loki's juices or the fluid that he has seen some women expel, but there is so much of it that he begins feel the wetness on his *chest*.

To take a good look at what is happening, Thor reluctantly detaches his mouth from Loki's clit and leans back—

“Norns above,” he breathes. Loki is—*squirting*, is the only word that can describe it. As Thor fucks him with his fingers, jets of clear fluid rush out of his cunt, arch into the air and land on the furs over Thor's bed, forming a very impressive damp patch.

Loki leans up on his elbows to see what the fuss is about, and he must not have known that his body is reacting this way, for his eyes widen in horror and he demands, “What have you done!”

“Nothing, except putting two of my fingers in you. It seems that you have enjoyed it very much.” His words are punctuated by obscene, squelching sounds produced by the movement of said fingers in and out of Loki's cunt. “I must admit, I have not seen this even from the most wanton whores in all the nine realms.”

“Make it stop!” he yells, and Thor finds it deeply amusing that Loki is so panicked that he forgets to be offended at Thor's remark.

“Like this?” Thor withdraws, and Loki's gaping hole clenches around nothing. Loki snarls and thrusts his hips upwards, seeming not at all pleased that his cunt is empty. “Didn't think so.”

Thor shoves his fingers back in, this time adding a third. Loki howls, spreads his legs wider and lifts his knees in what must be a silent plea to be fucked harder. Thor is happy to comply. He puts all his might into it, ramming into that spot in Loki's cunt again and again, until his arm burns and his hand cramps. Loki clenches down around him, perhaps in an attempt to stop himself from squirting, but the flow of the fluid is copious as ever. Loki throws an arm over his face, and although Thor does not stop him from doing it, he will not let Loki pretend none of this is happening.

“Hide all you want, little Jotun, but you and I both know how much you love being fucked.” Thor forces his hand to move faster and his motions become a blur. “I have only used my fingers, and here you are already reduced to a whimpering, pathetic *mess*. Once I show you my cock, how will you ever live without it? You will be begging for it every second of every day.”

Loki does not give any indication that he has heard him, and his legs are drawn together, as if trying to ward off Thor's attacks, but the lack of any real protest from him is already answer enough.

“You may fool yourself into thinking that you are pure, that you are chaste, that I am the one defiling you. But I have only unmasked you for what you are—a cock-hungry, filthy little *slut*.”

As if on cue, Loki comes undone with a muffled scream. Thor does not slow his pace, fucking Loki with his fingers through his orgasm, intent on bringing Loki to completion at least once more with only his fingers in his cunt—

“Please, I—” Loki whimpers, feebly trying to push Thor's hand away. “Too much.”

He could push Loki further, and he is certain that Loki would let him. For the time being, however, Thor decides to have mercy. He reluctantly pulls out his fingers and settles for gently petting

Loki's battered cunt instead, but even that proves to be more than Loki can handle in his over-sensitised state. Thor must find another way to entertain himself.

Loki's cock has been largely neglected thus far, and it is hard and leaking. Thor suspects that Loki might not be able to tolerate his touch there, but he is nothing if not adventurous, and so he reaches around Loki's length. Thor's worries are instantly dispelled: Loki moans, thrusts into Thor's hand, and appears to like this very much indeed. Thor tightens his hold, and with Loki's juices all over his hand, the slide of his fist along Loki's cock is almost effortless. Every now and then, he tugs on the foreskin or passes his thumb over the head on an upstroke, and it is even sooner than he expected that Loki's cock jumps and spills, painting white streaks over his blue skin.

At the sight of that, Thor's own cock twitches impatiently. He has been painfully hard for most of the evening, and although he has taken great pleasure in bringing Loki to orgasm again and again, he yearns for his own, and he longs to fill Loki with his seed.

"I will take you now," he tells Loki, giving his cock a few quick tugs to keep himself from bursting with want.

Loki whimpers in despair, but Thor has heard such a sound from his lovers often enough to know what it means. It is not only the prospect itself of Thor fucking him that Loki dreads; what scares him is the fact that his exhausted body has yet to endure much, much more. And when his eyes trail down, what he sees makes him whimper again. He must not have paid much attention before now, and seems to have only just realised how *big* Thor is.

"But I—how will it *fit*?"

"It will, I promise." Thor bends down to kiss Loki's frown away. "You are mine to care for. I will let no harm come to you. I will make it good for you, and I will make you *love* it."

"Do not coddle me!"

While Thor is an expert in calming skittish virgins, Loki proves to be a very different creature from what he is used to. But the challenge thrills him, and he is unfazed. Changing tactics, Thor brings his cock into position. "Very well then. I will simply show you the truth in my words."

Loki freezes, perhaps not quite ready for this just yet.

"But I never fuck an unwilling partner. First, you must ask for it." Truly, what better way to prove himself an honourable man?

"*No*." The word is almost lost in Loki's snarl.

"No?" Thor arches an eyebrow in mock surprise. "So it seems we are done here. I shall leave you ___"

"No!" Loki barks, and he hooks his legs around Thor's waist to stop him from moving away.

"No again?" Thor feigns confusion, and he almost laughs at the indignation on Loki's face. "What is it, Loki? Do you want this or do you not?"

Thor teases Loki with his cock, slipping it between his folds but pulling back at the last moment before Loki bucks up in an attempt to take him inside. Loki growls in frustration, but does not humiliate himself by trying to do it again. Thor does not comment on how eager Loki is for his cock, suspecting it might drive Loki to truly reject him out of his stubborn, Jotun pride, but as the silence stretches between them, Thor begins to fear that he has already pushed Loki too far and

locked them in a stalemate. Then, when Thor considers calling an end to this game—

“I want it.”

It takes Thor a few seconds for Loki’s words to register with him. And when they do, he pretends not to have heard. “What was that?”

“I want it,” Loki says again through gritted teeth, but louder this time. There is no mistake to what he has admitted.

But Thor still wishes to have a bit more fun. “What is ‘it’? You need to be clearer about what you want, little one.”

“You—” Loki splutters in rage.

“You want me?”

Loki glares at him, not at all happy that Thor has twisted the meaning of what he said, but he is not denying it either. Thor knows for a fact that he is, indeed, what Loki wants. Nevertheless, it does not hurt to confirm it.

“Which part of me do you want? Is it my cock?” Thor supplies helpfully, rubbing himself against Loki’s opening. “Do you want me to fuck you with it?”

“Just do it, damn you!”

Thor wants to hear more, wants Loki to beg for his cock, but he has tortured Loki—and himself—long enough. He has no more patience to spare.

Leaning back so he can watch, Thor finally, finally lets himself sink into the soft, wet heat. His girth slowly disappears between the swollen lips of Loki’s cunt, and inside, Loki is so unbelievably *tight* that Thor almost forgets to breathe from the overwhelming pleasure—but Loki’s pained gasp cuts through the haze. Thor does not stop, does not think he could, even if he wanted to, but his selfishness is not the only reason that he keeps pushing. He would only hurt Loki more if he withdrew, and if he paused now only to start again later, he might even prolong Loki’s suffering. No, Thor is familiar with this process, and he knows precisely what he must do.

Cupping Loki’s cheek in his hand, Thor bends down to bring their foreheads together, to comfort Loki, to make him feel safe. Thor would normally offer sweet words of praise, but he dares not give them to Loki, lest he further wounds his pride. He settles for something less incendiary. “Hush.... Relax and let me in.”

“I already am!”

“I know, I know,” Thor says to placate him. Speaking to him, it seems, is not helping, and so he reaches for Loki’s cock instead. It is limp as Thor expects, but he is able to coax it into hardness and by the time he has entered Loki all the way, drops of precome are leaking out of the tip. Thor keeps half a mind on this task, but there is something else vying for his attention. He rocks his hips gently, not drawing out, simply letting Loki get used to the feel of his cock and alleviating part of his burning need to *fuck*.

Thor can tell that the pain has faded and Loki is properly aroused once again when Loki moans and begins to move his hips against Thor’s. To test the waters, Thor pulls back slightly before sliding back in; Loki’s face remains relaxed and he makes no sound of distress, and that is all Thor needs to know. Groaning in relief, Thor gradually loosens the reins on his desire and allows himself the

freedom do as he wants. Shallow thrusts give way to longer, more powerful ones, and then Thor grows even bolder, grabbing one of Loki's ankles in each hand and bringing them up high, opening Loki's legs so that he is put in the perfect position for Thor to plough into. The only drawback is that Thor has had to let go of Loki's cock—but that is easily remedied.

"Touch yourself for me," he orders.

To his greatest surprise, not only is there no biting retort, Loki *obeys* him. One hand flies to his cock as if he has been awaiting permission all along, and his other hand follows shortly, reaching lower—Loki is playing with his clit right before his eyes.

"Yes, just like that." Thor fucks Loki harder to encourage him. "Look at me and make yourself come. Show me what a good slut you are."

Loki whimpers and does as he is told. He may not have done this before, but he seems to have no trouble figuring out what he likes. His fist is closed around the head of his cock and his thumb rubs over the very tip; the base of his other hand rests on the crease of his thigh, serving as an anchor while he taps the pads of two fingers repeatedly onto his clit. He is also squirting again, the fluid gushing out of his cunt and hitting Thor square in the chest. Loki's movements grow increasingly frantic, and then his back arches, his legs jerk, and he comes all over himself.

Loki's hands leave his body and curl into the furs on either side of his head, as if he is bracing himself for a vigorous round of fucking. He probably thinks that it is Thor's turn now, but oh, how wrong he would be. Letting go of Loki's ankles, Thor throws those long legs over his shoulders instead and slows down to long, deep thrusts.

"Have a rest while you can, little one. The night is long and I have no intention to be done with you any time soon."

Loki makes a small sound of despair.

"But I might make things easier if you behave."

"What do you want?" he asks, breathless and defeated.

"You can start by telling me how my cock feels in you."

Loki screws his eyes shut and twists his face away. A refusal. Thor pulls out almost completely before slamming back in.

"Ah! Big!"

Thor does it again. "Good?"

"Yes!"

"Beg for it," Thor demands, even as he is giving it to Loki without pause.

"Please ... please fuck me ... with your cock."

It is more than Thor has hoped for, and he can only comply by taking Loki harder, faster. His hand wades through the mess of fluids between their bodies to find Loki's clit, and he thumbs at it more harshly than Loki could ever do to himself. Loki whimpers and sobs, and it is absolute music to Thor's ears.

“Do you want to come?” he asks when he thinks Loki is close.

“Yes, please,” Loki whispers, as if he is still ashamed of it.

“Ask nicely.”

“Please make me come.” Loki shuts his eyes as soon as the words leave his mouth, but for now, Thor accepts the plea for what it is worth.

“Gladly,” he says, and intensifies his assault on Loki’s body. Lying helpless beneath him, Loki can only take it as he is forced into completion once again. As soon as it is over, Thor abruptly withdraws. Loki cries out in shock, but he is otherwise in a daze, and goes with it willingly as Thor manhandles him around so that he lies facedown on the bed. Realising Thor’s intent, he helps by lifting his hips without being told.

“So eager,” Thor praises, slapping Loki’s proffered ass cheeks several times in quick succession. This Loki, so soft and malleable, is completely unrecognisable from the proud, haughty creature that greeted him merely an hour ago. It is not an unwelcome change. “What a good little slut you are.”

Loki lets out an inarticulate groan that is entirely too endearing, and Thor shoves himself back into place. He plasters himself to Loki’s back, letting his weight add to the power of his thrusts, and reaches around for Loki’s cock to play with.

“Come for me.” It takes more time than before, perhaps because Loki has become weary, but eventually, he succeeds in making Loki surrender to him again.

Without giving Loki a chance to recover, Thor immediately goes to Loki’s clit and starts rubbing.

“Please—I can’t!”

“You can,” Thor tells him, “and you *will*.”

It is only a matter of minutes before Thor is proven right, but even then, he does not stop. Loki has also begun squirting again, and the fluid coats Thor’s hand entirely, enabling his fingers to fly over Loki’s clit with even greater speed. Loki’s broken whines spur him on, and Thor attacks the sensitive nub with renewed fervour, all the while driving into Loki’s cunt relentlessly, revelling in the squelching, sloshing sounds he makes. This time, when Loki’s orgasm occurs, it is with an explosive force—Loki screams, his entire body shakes and his cunt clamps down on Thor’s cock, and the way he squirts is almost *violent*, the fluid splashing on Thor’s thighs and making a mess of them both. Thor fucks him through it, fully intending to make Loki come again—

“Stop, don’t—” Loki sobs, swatting at Thor’s hand. “No more, please.”

Thor takes his hand away immediately, slams into him once more and forces himself to still—but it is already too late. Loki’s body has a mind of its own and is seizing up in yet another release, and Loki can do nothing but let it wash over him. When it ends, Loki collapses, mewling and trembling. Still buried inside him, Thor follows, lying atop him and tangling their legs together. It is time for him to take his pleasure now.

“Do you want me to spill inside you?” It is what he wants, but if Loki cannot tolerate any more—

Loki nods into the furs.

Thor grins and begins to pump his hips again. So it seems that they are still some distance away

from Loki's limits. Thor will make it his goal to find out where they are and push beyond them, but not tonight. Loki is new to this, after all, and it would be cruel overwhelm him with too much, too soon.

But it cannot hurt to nudge him a little more.

"Beg for it. Say that you need it," Thor grunts.

"Please, I—I need you to spill in me."

Pressure is building in his balls, and he is so close—but it is not enough. He needs *more*.

"Say my name. Say that you are mine."

Loki only whimpers. Thor will not have it; he grabs a fistful of Loki's hair and fucks harder into him, at a pace so punishing it is almost brutal. "*Say it.*"

"Thor!" Loki yells. "Please, I—I'm yours! I'm yours!"

"*Mine.*" Thor growls in satisfaction and bites into the back of Loki's neck, claiming him and marking him. He is focused single-mindedly on his needs now; he strips away the reins he's held over his lust, and he allows himself to be lost in the feeling of Loki's cunt around him, the soft little whimpers that Loki is making, and the knowledge that Loki is well and truly *his*.

"Thor," Loki says, a small, broken sound, achingly beautiful and it is the one thing Thor needs to be pushed over the edge. He fucks into Loki one last time, burying his cock in the tight, wet heat and spends deep inside. The pleasure is unlike anything he has experienced before, and his entire body freezes as he gives himself over to it. Slowly, it begins to fade and he resumes his thrusts to savour the last of it, until his cock has softened and is merely slipping and sliding in the combined mess of their fluids.

Sated, Thor pulls out and turns Loki's head so he can kiss him. Loki responds sluggishly, but he moans and reaches for Thor. To give Loki the space to roll around, Thor eases his weight onto his elbows and lifts his body, and he is pleasantly surprised when Loki wraps his legs around him and draws him close. As their lips and tongues continue to dance together, the movements growing ever more lewd, Thor cannot resist slipping a hand down below to grope between Loki's thighs, feeling for himself the way that his seed is leaking out of Loki's cunt. But Loki whines and shies away, unwilling to be touched when he is still so sensitised, and Thor has no choice but to abandon his wishes and fondle Loki's ass instead. That, Loki allows, and with the way he is pushing back, he appears to be enjoying it too.

"All right, little one?" Thor's cock is stirring once more, and he rocks against Loki's abdomen to let him feel it.

"*Again?*" Loki exclaims in disbelief, eyes widening in shock. "You are a beast!"

Thor chuckles heartily at Loki's reaction. "You have not even seen half of it. How will you survive our wedding night?"

"But—I cannot—"

"Hush, fear not. I will not make you." With time, Loki will know that he can be taken as many times as Thor wants. But at this moment, Thor seeks something else. "There is much for you to learn, and one of the most important is pleasuring your husband with your mouth."

Loki's eyes flicker down and Thor watches in fascination as colour spreads all over his face and chest. If Loki has been raised to believe that touching himself is forbidden, putting a cock between his lips must be *horrifying*. But then, Loki looks to him with clear resolve in his eyes.

“You will teach me?”

“Of course.” Thor is only too happy to agree.

Without further delay, they exchange positions so that Thor is lying flat with Loki between his spread legs, and when Loki takesy the first tentative lick, Thor throws his head back and groans, marvelling at how lucky he is to come to possess this wonderful creature. Although things have turned out quite differently from how he'd imagined when he found Loki in his tent, Thor has no complaints and he would not want them any other way. Having Loki as his consort will be something he enjoys very, very much.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I would love to hear feedback from you—tell me what you liked, what I could improve on, or anything you can think of! You can also find me over at [Tumblr](#).

Here's a [rebloggable link](#)!

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